Lance Mazmanian
note@mazmanian.net

A Stroll Near the Temple

I. In the yards... Stone walls,
quite rigid about now.

Sun has trouble here, as many
branches jump before it, each wanting a
place as patterns on the grass.

II. Near the temple, I wonder about the beings
gone two or more megaannum
who did their worship here. Could they have known
they possessed but a primitive and narrow view
not only of living but of the cosmos
as whole?

Primordial winds were all they knew
and a fan of sunlight became God to them
— the rain a thing to fear,
the night a point of reverence.

They cooked their meals in open hearths,
greasy strips of animal hide.

Survival.

Curious how they'd never know or have the
capacity to consider that watched they were.

For eyes looked down from the stars,
eyes untouched by nightlong fires.

(More)

III. The eyes, observing.
And the temples: Nothing more than
a grasp at the eyes, a try at control.
A mission
to make the eyes a thing in a net.

Reality would tell
that the eyes
and the very beings behind them were
wholly remote and unreachable.

Indeed, unknowable.

Yes, they never designed a true interaction,
just silent pity from the eyes
as the eyes watched the lower savages
the anti-quantum
neurological trilobites
who stirred their dinners with bones from a slaughter.

IV. Today we build temples to the highest gods.
One supposes. And what's to become of us?

Do we think to approach the so-called eyes
more closely than our genetics ago?

In truth, we are but prisoners
living in filth and squalor
at bottom rungs of evolutionary spiral

...thinking we're the actual gods in question
and not the mere Serengeti animals
in Christian Louboutin.